declared Catholic. Later, as a result of some action that he considered an abuse on the part of the Church . . .

Sunday

The weather is again rainy; my headache this morning probably has no other cause. Yesterday morning, after weeks of rain, it was fine; immediately I felt better. I went to Jean Schlumberger's to tell him how desirable I thought it was for the *N.R.F.* to include the Tharaud brothers among its writers. I was thoroughly convinced and talked to him very enthusiastically about this. Jean, as usual, let me express myself to the end; and, as it almost always happens, I let myself be convinced by the contrary argument. Was I really convinced by Jean? No, but properly *resigned.* So that when the afternoon mail brought a letter from Copeau entirely of my opinion, I ran back to Jean's to urge'him to clinch the matter if there was still time. Fortunately Jean had not found the Tharauds in, either in the morning or in the afternoon, and had missed the visit that they, in turn, had come to pay him at about seven o'clock. Nothing was lost, then. So much the better! Also went to see Gallimard in the morning.

Already I was beginning to blush for the dismay I had let myself sink into the last few days and for having, with so little pride, "given voice to my lamentation." But in the late afternoon, after an English lesson, with a pretense of exercise and also for want of something better to do (restlessness also), I went out again; I trailed through the Bois de Boulogne at great length and some distance, lamentably. The sky was again quite covered. Copeau's letter restored me (and also one of the best conversations I have ever had with Em. But of everything concerning Em. I forbid myself to speak here.).

Yesterday evening, opening by chance the little volume of Saint-fivremond from the Heredia sale, I fall on this sentence: *"It* is a characteristic of great men never to precipitate anything and

never to get impatient over anything. . . * It takes a certain period of time to bring great plans to maturity. Those who know how to wait are usually paid with interest for their patience; for, in many things, delaying achieves more than strength . . /* etc.

"Haste spoils the best-planned undertakings. Whereas patience ripens the most difficult plans and makes their execution easy*" (Vol. IV, pp. 156 and 157.)

Having gone out for a moment yesterday, I let myself be carried away by curiosity, following the crowd to the stadium of the Pare des Princes, which I had never entered. For almost an hour I watched a football game, in which I understood almost nothing. ./Esthetics of the